

5-15-1912

## Letter from Mary Rosa, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to her mother, 1912 May 15

Mary Rosa

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206 College Hall,  
Wellesley, Massachusetts,  
15 May, 1912.

Dear Mamma:

The letter from you and Helen yesterday was a real treat. It's nice to have such long newsy ones. I had a letter from Andrew Kruson in the afternoon, so I feel quite caught up in the news. I just finished devouring the Reporter. What is all this fuss about bottles of water being left on our door-step? Wellsville certainly is a queer town.

I have a free period just now, and I simply can't make myself study, in spite of all the millions of things there are to do.

Thursday-

Well, that's as far as I got. I went to class, and to lunch, and so on, till 10.30 p.m. This forensic burning business just fills up the time. Studying has absolutely no show at all, and it's much as ever that we go to classes. But alas! and hush! it's all over now. I wish I could tell you the story of the whole thing, but it's too complicated. I guess I can remember it till I come home. I will only tell you what I've been doing.

Monday morning I studied some. Esther induced me to go to Ushant on a zoo trip with her, but it was so rainy that it was called off. In the afternoon we commenced quarrelling right after lunch, and kept it up all the afternoon, stopping in time to go to the villa before dinner. After that we started to study,



but were notified that extra guards were  
needed all over the campus, so we beat  
it out, and stayed till after nine o'clock.  
Tuesday morning I was on duty from  
six o'clock till quarter of eight, walking  
around the outside of College Hall, which  
was a rather cold job, and productive  
of an enormous appetite. Spent the  
afternoon at a call-out and recuperating  
from it. In the evening there was wild  
excitement at step-singing, as we  
thought perhaps they were burning it  
then, and afterwards we tore all  
around the campus till 9.45. Something  
really did happen at the library, but  
I wasn't there to see it. The Junior  
Vice-President arrived from Wellesley Hills  
in an express box, supposed to be  
books, but some of us got on to it  
and stuck around. The girl didn't  
come home at all that night. a few of

our girls got a chaperon and stayed out till two o'clock. Yesterday morning we were awakened at six-thirty by a call for all Sophomores to get out, as Bernice was lost again, and the Juniors were all gone. So we dressed in a hurry and hastened out. Nothing was doing yet. I got a job guarding the back of the three society houses down on Tupelo. I ate my breakfast (one piece of toast) standing here on a stump. At 7.45 the Juniors had song practise in Billings Hall and wouldn't let us in, which made us terribly suspicious. So we stood around the outside and cheered our cheer all the time (which would break the charm). I managed to find a window not fastened, and we boosted ~~up~~ Esther up to it. She jumped in before anybody saw her, and stayed close to the Junior president



Esther doesn't come, Nell wants me to come while Julia is there. Mrs. Beach is rather planning an automobile trip for the two girls, which would include Wellsville for a day or so. Nell suggested that they come up by auto and get me, after I get back from Commencement at Swins; then I could stay at Ridgeway a few days, and start Julia back home. You wouldn't mind entertaining some of the Beach family over night, would you? We'll have a garage to put their machine in. As lots of fun to plan it, and Nell is much excited over the prospect. The only doubtful thing about it, is whether Esther can come or not.

I never supposed Wellesley Mass. could have such thunderstorms as we've been having lately. The worst one was Friday night during dinner. We also had one last night about midnight. I guess quite a little damage has been done around here, but nothing very close.

Esther went to the Harvard-Princeton-Cornell boat races the other day with Mr. Eusign. I was invited to go, but had to take an organ lesson. Such cruel fate! Well went instead. I've had so little dissipation that I'm positively growing narrow. I'll be glad when it's all over, and I can come home.

If you're still opposed to my  
going directly to Honeoye Falls, I'll  
come home on the Erie at 9.40 a.m.,  
June 14<sup>th</sup>. Hope the Cadillac will  
feel like meeting me at the station.

With heaps of love,  
Mary.

Mus 1912